

Vande mataram

Sujalam suphalam malayajasitalam

Sasyashyamalam mataram

Vande mataram

Shubhra jyotsna

pulakita yaminim

Phulla kusumita

Drumadasobhinim

Suhasinim

Sumadhura bhasinim

Sukhadam varadam mataram

Vande mataram

“Mother, I bow to thee!

Rich with thy hurrying streams,

bright with orchard gleams,

Cool with thy winds of delight,

Dark fields waving Mother of might,

Mother free.

Glory of moonlight dreams,

Over thy branches and lordly streams,

Clad in thy blossoming trees,

Mother, giver of ease

Laughing low and sweet!

Mother I kiss thy feet,

Speaker sweet and low!

Mother, to thee I bow.”

Vande Mātaram
Sujalām Sufalām Malayajaśītalām
Śaśyaśāmalām Mātaram

Śubhra jyotsnā pulakita yāminīm
Phullakuṣumita drumadasobhinīm
Suhasinīm sumadhura bhāṣiṇīm
Sukhadām varadām Mātaram

I bow to thee, Mother,
Richly-watered, richly-fruited,
Cool with the winds of the south,
Dark with the crops of the harvests!

Her nights rejoicing in the beams
Of a million moons,
Her dreams sweet with the scent of a million flowers,
Full of laughter, full of gentleness,
Mother, giver of boons, giver of happiness.